

Rebellion Arraign'd.

A 29
SERMON
Preach'd before Their
MAJESTIES

In Their Chappel at
WHITEHALL,
Upon the 30th. of *January* 1687.

The *Anniversary and Humiliation-Day,*
In Abhorrency of the
Sacrilegious Murder

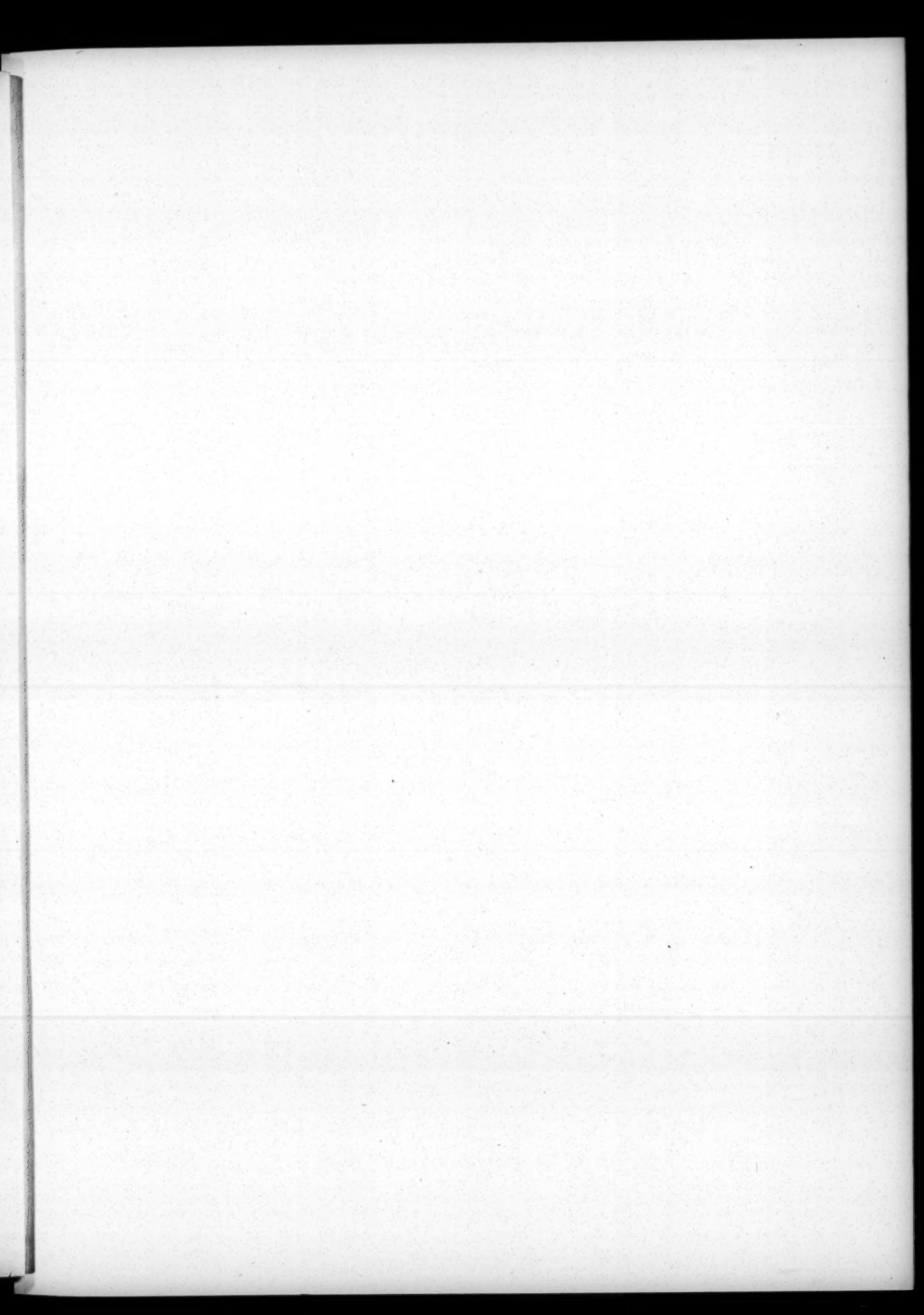
Of our Gracious Sovereign
CHARLES I

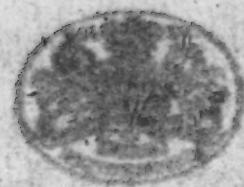
By the Reverend Father JOHN DORMOR,
of the Society of *Jesus*.

Permissu Superiorum.

London, Printed by *Mary Thompson* at the Entrance into
Old-Spring-Garden near Charing-Cross, 1688,

III. f. 21.





THE GATE OF

TO THE

READER.

READER,

SInce the Printing of the Pharisee's Council; my Promise has been Challeng'd, and I call'd upon, for two more Sermons almost out of mind. The First, My Humiliation Sermon, Preach'd the 30th. of January 87. nam'd, Rebellion Arraign'd. The other Entituled, The Law of Laws, and Preach'd the 19th. of September 86. If I told thee in my last; The rest of my Sermons were at thy call: Now I tell thee, call for no more. It is my design to ease thee of

To the READER.

of that Trouble, by publishing them all together, as soon as Leisure will give me leave. In the mean time, Remember what thou'll often find in them; a short Life is giving way to a long Eternity. Farewell,

J. D.

SERMON

Preach'd before Their

MAJESTIES

On the 30th. of January 1687.

1 Pet. cap. 5. ver. 6.

Humiliamini sub potenti manu Dei, ut vos
exaltet in tempore Visitationis.

Be ye humbled under the Powerful Hand of God,
that he may exalt you in time of Visitation.

If ever Nation, to its Advantage and
Renown, comply'd with the words of
my Text, *Dread Sovereign*, it is your
Loyal England. *England* by humbling
her self this day in the presence of God
and yours, appears more Glorious, than ever it
did,

did, by humbling with force of Arms, her most redoubted Enemies. *Victory in War*, is often a gift of *Fortune*, at the best the fruit of *Valorous Conduct*; dear bought, not soon got, and soon forfeited. Englands *Humiliation*, is a standing *Victory of Peace*, it is a quelling of *Rebellion*, it is a *Vindication of her Kings Right* and her own *Honour*; *Chance* has no part in it, *Loyalty* produc'd it: The *Wisdom* of both Houses of Parliament concurr'd unto it: It is not fed with Blood and Booty, but Fasting and Tears; with Devotion it is maintain'd, and a forever settled *Obedience* renders it *Eternal*. Thus *England* has Humbled her worst of Foes, by humbling her self, and by so humbling her self, in this time of *Visitation of Gods Mercy* upon us, is exalted as high, as ever *Rebellion* had cast her low. *Humiliamini, &c.* *Be ye humbled under the Powerful Hand of God, that be may exalt you in the time of Visitation.*

The unnatural Enemies of their Country joy'd in her *Confusion*, in her *Disgrace* they *Gloried*, they *Triumph'd* in her *Losses*. *England* was gaz'd at by *Foreigners* as a *Monster*, to be kept up, and cut off, from the *Commerce* with the rest of the *World*. *A King Arraign'd?* laid they, and with horror; by who but *England*?

A King call'd to the Bar, by who but Eng-
 land? A King proceed'd and Condemn'd, by
 who but England? A King brought upon the
 Scaffold, before his own Palace and People, and
 Barbarously put to Death; VVhen? VVhere?
 tell the place, name the Time, mention the
 Record, by whoever but England? Such were
 the insulting Reproaches whole England was
 expos'd to, for the guilt of a Crew of Miscre-
 ants degenerated from the Fear of God, and
 ancient Allegiance pay'd by Dutyful England
 to her Kings. But Silence, O you! Who thus
 impeach the whole, for the Crime of a few,
 A party of wretched men, desperately Wicked and
 hardened in Impiety. They are the words of the
 Act in reference to this day. The King was
 Arraign'd, The King was call'd to the Bar; but
 England Sigh'd, England Wept. The King,
 against all form of Law, was Proceed'd and
 Condemn'd, but England Agoniz'd, between
 Grief and Horror. The King was Cruelly
 Murdered, but England Vow'd a just Revenge,
 and since has taken it of the Regicides. Re-
 bellion in that time over-rul'd the Stage, Rebel-
 lion acted the Tragedy it had contriv'd; poor
 England disarm'd, with sorrowful Eyes was
 forc'd to look on. No House of Peers then
 sat,

sat, no free House of Commons ; a Kennel of Blood-bounds, a rude Expression, (did they not merit worse) were the *Assassins*, of our most Indulgent Monarch ; they were led on by the Scent of an aspiring Passion, mask'd with Zeal for Religion, so to delude some : At *Tyranny* they ran with a fair show of *Liberty*, so to entice in others. *Liberty* indeed, to debase their Equals, to pull down their Betters, to enslave their *Country*. *England* groan'd under the heavy Scourge, and is no sooner recover'd, by the Happy and long Sigh'd for Restoration of her Natural Prince and Government, but makes it her first care, to vindicate her self to Posterity. Sitting therefore in *Parliament* she declares to the World, her *Inexpressible Detestation*, and *Abhorrency*, of that Villanous and abominable Fact, and for a lasting Monument of this her Sense, she beseeches the Royal Power to establish this day of *Humiliation*, to which *Piety* and *Loyalty* obliges us to concur. *Humiliamini, &c.* Be ye humbled under the Powerful Hand of God, that he may exalt you in time of Visitation. In order to promote so Religious an Act, my first point shall be to remind you of the subject of *Humiliation*, which is *Rebellion* ; and since *Rebellion* so unhumanely Arraign'd our Gracious King,

(5)

King. My second point shall be to Arraign *Rebellion*. My third, to see Execution done upon her, and that by the hand of *Humiliation*. But let us first implore his Divine Assistance him, who made himself a Patern of *Humiliation* for our Sins, by the Intercession of His Virgin Mother, *Ave. Maria*,

Humiliamini, &c. Be ye humbled under the Powerful Hand of God, that he may exalt you in the time of Visitation. .

THe proper subject of *Humiliation* is sin; the greater the sin, the greater ought the *Humiliation* to be. To private Offences, which prejudice the Offender alone, private *Humiliation* is due, a publick *Humiliation* becomes sins, which influence upon the publick; and no sins wound the publick so dangerously, as those, which are destructive to *Loyalty, Obedience, and Government*; Kings bare the burden and dignity of the Publick, no sin therefore requires a more signal *Humiliation and Repentance*, than *Disloyalty, Rebellion, and the Contempt* of the Right of Kings, and their Majesty; nor was there ever a *Disloyalty, Rebellion or Contempt* equaling that committed, against the

B

Sa-

Sacred Person of *Charles the First*. *Humiliation* then, on this *Anniversary-Day*, should exceed all others. If I mistake not, my Discourse holds good, relying upon the just proportion to be kept between *Humiliation* and *Sin*. I could exemplify each part out of *holy Writ*, were I not presl'd between scarcity of Time and Copiousness of matter: It is enough that I insist only upon *Rebellion*.

But is not that *Rebellion* to be blotted out of Memory, and burryed in *Oblivion*? *Old Soares* are not to be ript up. True, if perfectly Heal'd; and if perfectly Healed, yet their trouble and danger, may be expos'd for future Safety and prevention of the like. This is the method observ'd by *Preachers* in order to other Sins; and I have no cause to desert it in order to *Rebellion* of sins the greatest.

Forgive and forget, is a maxime of Christian Charity, in so much, as I find *Acts of Pardon* and *Indempnity*, stiled *Acts of Oblivion*; and yet I reflect that as pardoning is a property of Goodness, and Magnanimity; so to forget, argues a carelessness, or weakness of mind. *God forgives, but cannot forget*; and *England* on this day, will not have forgotten, what your Royal Brother, and your *Sacred Majesty* have so Generously for.

forgiven. You have forgiven but, *England* will not forgive her self, and with the noblest of Dispositions, doth *Pennance* for a Crime which was not hers. So Christ an Innocent, *humbled himself for the sins of his People, even to Death*. Him we are to imitate ; by so doing, *England* endeavours, to make her Loyalty, vye with your Clemency ; and by not forgiving her self, for having been the Mother of a few Vipers, cannot but confirm and encrease, that tender Love, shown in all Time, even with the evident and many hazards of your *Sacred Persons*, in Defence of her Rights and Honour.

True it is; there is a forgetfulness, ever joyn'd with forgiving ; for albeit one remember a Displeasure, yet in case he pardons it, he forgets the main resentment due unto it. God cannot but remember sin, yet forgiving it, forgets as it were to inflict the Punishment of Hell due unto it. This is what the Royal Prophet *Psal. 78.* and the Prophet *I/a. c. 64.* both v. 8, crave at the hands of God, *Ne memineris Iniquatum nostrarum, Remember not our Iniquities*, and in conformity with this it is, that we are ordered to implore the Mercy of God, *That neither the guilt of that Sacred Innocent Blood, nor those other sins, by which God was provok'd, to deliver*

us and our King into the hands of Cruel and Unreasonable Men, may at any time, be visited upon us and our Posterity. Thus the Act of Parliament expresses it self, where we are at once reminded, of the worst effect of *Rebellion*, and to Pray God to forget the resenting it. Having laid the subject of *Humiliation* before your Eyes, I come in my second point to *Arraign Rebellion*.

Rebellion, The Daughter of audacious Pride; *Rebellion*, Mother of the basest Treacheries, *Rebellion* nurse of private Discontents; *Rebellion* sower of Jealousies and Fears; *Rebellion* the disturber of peaceable Minds; *Rebellion* the destroyer of true Liberty and Religion; *Rebellion* the bain of humane Commerce; *Rebellion* the destroyer of Wealth, Happiness, Birth-right and Life it self; *Rebellion*, the open enemy to Order, Government, and God; *Rebellion* blazing in Fire and wallowing in Blood. This is the *Monster of Monsters*, disguis'd in all shapes to compass her ends; her Name I tell you is *Rebellion*, and from her Name I begin her Arraignment.

Rebellion, Thou art convicted of being a restless Spirit. Nothing in heaven; no State, no place, no Condition, can possibly content thee. *Happiness* swells thee, *Misery* enrages thee,

thee, Piety cannot mollify thee, thou art ever for Reform of Religion and Government ; whereas *True Religion* alone, can reform thee. *Heaven* could not keep thee in peace, all the delicious Fruits of the Garden of *Eden*, could not satisfy thy disordered Palate ; the *Church* has felt the smart of thy Divisions ; thou hast overrun the *Earth* with Calamities ; in Hell alone if thou art quiet, it is because tam'd by punishment. *Restless* thou art ; the *World* thy old Acquaintance, comes in Evidence of it, by imposing the Name of *Rebellion* upon the : from *Re.* and *Bello.* I War again. *Rebellion's* stomach turns at the sweets of quiet : Unfeign'd *Hydra*, in the Fens and Bogs of Discontents she breeds, Is one head cut off ? Without fable another shoots up. Is she beaten to the ground ? She renews her Forces. She's ever beginning, ever Warring. Has she no Sword to manage ? She Wars with her Tongue, she Wars with her Pen. If daring neither ; she Wars with her Thoughts, she lays her Designes, she expects her Time, she's ever *Rebellion* warring again, a restless Spirit by *Deeds* answering her *Name*. And from her *Name*, I pass to her *Deeds*.

Rebellion, Thou art brought in *Guilty of being wilfully void of Reason*. A Rebel, in the first place, wages

wages war against himself, by opposing the Law of Nature, which is his own Reason. Reason promotes a friendly Intercourse between Men, to their reciprocal Help and Comfort; Rebellion obstructs it. In order to this amicable Society, Reason prescribes a Supreme Power to end strifes, when arising; to provide against Invaders of the common safety. Rebellion will be Arbitrary, will stand to no Authority, will herself invade. Reason teaches us to Sacrifice a Private Interest, Disgust or Wrong, to the Publick Tranquility. Rebellion will have the Publick Welfare to truckle to Private Passion. Reason's Decision is, that a patient Sufferance, is preferable to a successful Rebellion; Rebellion feignes causes of Sufferance, where there's none. In all her Proceedings unreasonable. But more.

Rebellion, The foulest Ingratitude is Charged upon thee. Nothing works so forcibly upon the generous Heart of Man, as to see himself lov'd: But Rebellion of a Man, thou leav'st no more than a Figure. Love by thee is slighted. Thou devideſt Friends, thou Arm'st Patriot against Patriot, thou stirrest up Relation against Relation, Brother against Brother, Son against Father; the Love of thy Prince is requited with Hatred and Disdain. No tye, which thou

thou dost not unloose ; no knot, which thou dost not untye or cut , *Country, King, God,* cannot win thee with Kindness. I'll only give a glance at some particulars, too well known to dwell long on them.

Heaven is the seat of Felicity, the center of Bliss : *Lucifer* vouchsafe to be at rest ; submit, and it is thine : No where canst thou be more at ease. *Rebellion has stopt his Ears, and he's unquiet.* Reason tell thee, it's a madness to Rise against thy Maker. *Where Rebellion has got in, Reason's not heard.* God has conferr'd the Noblest of Beings upon thee, what more endearing ? *But endearments loose their Virtue with Rebellion.*

Adam let this Example be a warning to Thee and Teritor. I come too late. Neither the fortunate state of *Paradice*, nor his own *Reason* excelling all other, nor the Demonstrations of Gods singular favour, could allay the Spirit of *Rebellion*, that had enter'd his Heart, when that *Eritis sicut Dii, You shall be like Gods*, had enter'd his Ears. What shall I say to the contumacious Children of *Israel* ? What to the unnatural *Abfalom* ? No Content, no Reason, no Kindness, could abate their Seditious Fury, and to advance to the subject I now am on.

Eng-

England was an Earthly *Heaven*, a worldly *Paradise* : The *Liberty* of the *Subject*, with a grateful acknowledgement, Reverenced the *Royal Prerogative*. *Law* ran in its natural *Chan-*
nel, each one sat under his own *Vine*, fed of his own *Grape*, ever ready to lay down *Life* and *Fortune*, for his *Princes Honour* and *Safety* ; when *Rebellion* stomaching at so much *Prosperity*, revolts against *Religion*, resolute never to end, but by making an end of *Government*.

Was there ever *Sovereign* who tender'd his *Subjects Liberty*, who abhorr'd the effusion of *Blood*, *Sacred Majesty*, it was your *Royal Parent*. What *Clemency* did he not use, in putting up *injuries* ? What *Advantages* did he not forfeit, by ketching at every *overture* of *Peace*, to avoid the *Miseries* ensuing upon his *Kingdom* ? *Peace* was his *Darling* : But *Rebellion* was *restless*. *Englands Happiness*, was ever in his *Eye*, the object of his *Wishes*. But *Rebellion* hated its *Fe-*
licity and *Repose*. The *Comeliness* of his *Person*, the *Exquisitness* of his *Wit*, the *Sweetness* of his *Temper*, the *Undauntedness* of his *Mind* ; shew'd in the midst of the greatest *Calamities*, would have gain'd the *Affection* of any, but *Unreason-*
able and *Ungrateful* *Rebells* : His only *Failure* was, (if I may be so bold,) That he was more

covetous

covetous of his Subjects Safety than his *Own* ; more concern'd for *Them*, than resenting their Disloyalty, his Condescensions he acknowledges in his *"Emper Basilius, or Royal Portract"* pass'd too far ; all to gain his Enemies ; and what in Reason could be of greater force, to subdue Hearts of *Men*, than such Paternal Proceedings ? But all in vain ; the hardship of his Fate was, he had to deal with worse than *Brutes* ; he had to deal with *Rebels*. No gaining Rebellion by *Love or Reason*. *Love* is deem'd Weakness, *Reason* is against the Liberty of the Spirit. *Rebellion* is a pure, pure, Spirit, but in nothing more, than that pure Spirits, as Divines teach us, in the fall of the Angels are *Incorrigible*, and so for the most part are Rebels. *Reason* works not upon them, Favours will not oblige them ; their Spirit is fix'd upon iniquitude, their Cause is ever for pretended *Religion* and *Property*, which puts me in mind of carrying on my Process.

Again, I find *Rebellion* notoriously Convicted of having invaded *Property*, under pretext of maintaining it. True regard to *Property* would respect the greatest of *Properties* : The *Property* Kings have, not only to their Revenues, but much more to be Obey'd, in what concerns their Government. Had the least sparkle of

this regard, had place in the Rebels thoughts; they'd never run to such Extremities. His Sacred Majesty had never intrench'd upon the *Property* of any. Whatever he acted, was with the Advice of the *Judges* of the *Nation*; and well it might be, and it ought to be presum'd, they knew what was due to *Law*, *Property*, and *Prerogative*.

But grant he had taken a step too far, was the Subject to rage with *Rebellion*, to Depopulate the *Nation* with Sword and Flames; and in room of Kings and Countrys *Property*, bring in *Tyranny*? These were the lamentable effects of *Rebellion* convicted, of having invaded *Property*, under Profession of upholding it. *To maintain Property*; Houses were Pillag'd: *To maintain Property*; Villages were Fir'd: *To maintain Property*; Townes were Beleagur'd, and Batter'd, *To maintain Property*; so many Battles were Fought, so many thousands, and thousands of Lives cut off: *To maintain Property*; Estates of the Loyal were Confiscated, the Rights of both Houses abolish'd, the People burden'd with Impositions. *Rebellion* will tell you, (and who'll believe her but *Rebels*) all was to maintain *Property*, but the pretence of *Property* went not alone; it joyn'd hand and hand with appearance

rance of *Religion* and *Rebellion*, appears horribly tainted with the most execrable Hypocrisy.

Religion was in the Case. Was it so? O Holy Rebellion! So highly concern'd for *Religion*: That thou art ever new modelling it. The Reason may be; that thy Principles, and those of True Religion, cannot subsist; and since thou art resolute, not to shape thy Principles to *Religion*, thou'l cut out a *Religion* to thy Principles. *Religion* is Peaceable, thou Seditious. *Religion* teaches Submission to *God*, and his *Vicars*; but that Lesson is not for thee: *Perpetual Change* is thy business. *Innovation* is thy inseparable Camerade; and one *Innovation* is ever a precedent for an other; and in all thou art the *Leader*. Thy Spirit is a singular one, it cannot away with what is common; as if Religion by being the common, could become the Prostitute of Babylon: The Truth is, *Church Orders*, are of too great a Subjection; thy Spirit will be at *Freedom*, the *Lord* alone must govern it. That is, the *Lord* in the Mouth, and *Belzebub* in the Heart. *Religion* upon the Lips, and *Alteration* of Government in Design. Thy *Religion* was, to change Churches into Stables, Bells into Canons, Leads into Bullets: It was *Hypocrisy*, not *Religion*. And O! that

here I might stop, and stay thy fury, which draws me on to the last Act, Horror chilling my Blood at the very Thought of what I am to say.

Rebellion appearing convicted of being a *restless Spirit*; of violating the Law of Nature, *Reason*; of the basest *Ingratitude*, in abusing her Prince's *Love*; of having invaded *Property*; of most *prophane Hypocrisy*: That nothing should be wanting to the greatest excess of *Iniquity*, she passes the utmost bounds, of *Exorbitancy* and *Cruelty*. In all she has done, she pretends to *Justice* and *Revenge*, and that by *Law*, and that against her *Sovereign*.

The Design of *Rebellion*, ever lurks in the breast of a few; by her specious *Cheats*, many are engag'd; she is an *Artist* in contriving. *Property*, *Religion*, *Law*, she makes her different *Scenes*, and turns them at her Pleasure, to humour the Parts she's resolv'd to perform. Having the *Sword* in her *Hands*, she pulls off her *Mask*, and discovers her *Villanous Intentions*; she erects a Court of *High Justice*, and behold the *Catastrophe*, The last Act of the dismal *Tragedy*; She *Arraigns her King*. Ah *Rebellion*! *Rebellion*! Thy earnest *Demonstrations* of *zeal for Property and Religion*, are they come

come to this? Thy pretensions, ever are Jezebel's, Fair in Show, in substance Cruel. *A High Court of Justice?* A High Court of Enormity and Treason. Do'st thou know who thou Arraignest? *He is thy King.* Do'st thou know, whose Condemnation and Murder thou hast resolv'd? *It is thy King's.* Consult the Fundamental Laws. Consult? What need of Consult, where the Abomination so clearly discovers it self? *High Court of Justice?* If this be *Justice*; what is *Treason*? And if this be *Treason*, and of *Treasons* the most Horrid; down with the *Name of High Court of Justice?* No Court can be held, but by Power from the King, and no King can lend that Power against himself. But since thy vain Plea is *Law*, and thou wilt not know what a *King* is. It is my Duty to make thee know, both what is *Law*? And what's a *King*?

It is not the *Sword*, it is not the *Mace*, it is not the *Grave Attire*, it is not the *Bar*, it is not the *Chair*, it is not the rest of *Formalities*, which constitute *Law*; they're only to sustain its Dignity. *Rebellion* may usurp them, to colour *Injustice*; but can have no *Law* to justify her Proceedings. *Law is an obliging rule of humane Actions, ever order'd to the common good.* To be Ob-

liging

Liging its Authority must be deriv'd from above, from God ; and this Authority God has plac'd in his Vicars Supreme Governours. To be a Rule it must not deflect, from the first Rule of the Divine Will and Command, it must stand with Reason and Justice ; the Peace and Good of the Publick must be its end : And to be for the common good, Law cannot be a weapon of *private* Passion. No Law then can uphold this Court of thine, O Rebellion ! Thy ends are *Private*. Thou receid'st from the first Rule, by usurping Gods Prerogative, who alone is the *King* and *Judge* of *Kings* : It is against Reason to claim Power over a Supreme, it is Unjust to Arraign thy Judge. Law then opposes thy Pretentions to Law, and the Dignity of a *King* wholly defeats them.

Will'st thou once learn what a King is ? Give Ear. *God is the King of Kings*, I Tim. 6. 15. And Kings are as it were the Gods of their People : Kings cannot be Gods Judge, nor can the People be their Kings. Who is the Supreme ? Who the Judge without Appeal, but the *King* ? To whom do inferior Judges own their Authority, but to the *King* ? From who do Courts receive their Power, but from the *King* ? In whose Name are Impeachments drawn up, but in

the King's Acts of Parliament; by who
re they Enacted, but by the King! And by
consequence, the final Legislative Power, in who
oth it reside, but in the King. By the undoubted
fundamental Laws of this Kingdom, neither the
Peers of this Realm, nor the Commons, nor both
together in Parliament; nor the People Collectively
representatively, nor any other Persons whatsoever,
ever had, have, or ought to have any Coercive
Power over the Persons of the Kings of this Realm.
It is the Parliament which speaks; and yet Re-
bellion against The undoubted and Fundamental
laws, dar'd Erect a High Court of Justice against
her Sovereign, and what dares not Rebellion do?
He is too well vers'd in Holy Writ, not to know,
that to resist Kings, is to resist God; What shall Rom. 13.
be to Process, to Condemn, to murder one?

But by who is he to be Try'd? Com-
mons are Try'd by Commons, Peers by Peers;
have you a Jury of Kings? And had you,
there's no Judge left to give the Sentence but
God: And Woe to Rebellion, when God's to
sentence. More yet; in case you Condemn
him according to your execrable Formality of
pretended Law, may he not grant himself a
reprieve? He can bestow it upon the meanest,
and most guilty Subject, shall he not be able
to

to confer it upon himself ; he can give it another, even when the Sentence is most Just ; and shall he not enjoy his own Prerogative against the most unjust of Sentences ?

Ah ! To what end do I tyre my self and you ? Our Renowned Prince, plac'd by God above *Law*, without *Law*, and against *Law*, must fall a Victim to the highest Injustice. *Rebellion* has got the *Sword*, and the *Sword* without the *Ballance* is the Type of *Cruelty* ; to *Cruelty* *Majesty* is forc'd to bend ; and *Sacrilegious Rebellion* never appear'd with so ghast a Countenance, as imbru'd in his Royal *Blood*. That *Blood* will ever set her out to the detestation and horror of the World. That *Blood* will blaze her to all Ages for what she is. That *Blood* will speak aloud and say : Fly *Rebellion*, she'll never spare Subject, that durst Process, Condemn, and by Name of *High Justice*, Murder the Meekest of Monarchs. No more, no more, of what without Affliction and Tears, I cannot call to mind. His last Thoughts were his Peoples *Welfare*, his Kingdoms *Peace*, his Nations *Happiness* ; he died, undaunted, like himself, like a King, forgiving what the World will never forget, so *Sacrilegious* a *Murder*. That Pardon, that Innocent *Blood*, crys yet for

for Revenge against *Rebellion*, and upon *Rebellion* let it fall ; let *Rebellion* die never more to rise ; let it die by the hand of *Humiliation* ; The subject of my third point, with which I conclude, *Humiliamini*, &c. *Be ye humbled under the powerful Hand of God, that he may exalt you in time of Visitation.*

In my preceding Discourse, you have seen at Leisure *Rebellion Arraign'd*, *Proces'd* and *Convict'd*, of the most detestable of Crimes, and by consequence *Guilty* of the worst of Punishments ; And as her Sins surmounts all others, so would I have her *Chastisement* proportionable. The subject is of a large extent ; but not to transgress, I will close it in little. Men that die for *Offences* will rise again. *Rebellion* I would have her die so, as never to revive. Let *Rebellion* then die, but how, *Sub potenti manu Dei, Under the Powerful Hand of God, by an humble Obedience.* For what end ? *That God may exalt us in time of Visitation.*

God has his different *Visitations*, as you'll find in *Holy Writ* ; *Visitations of Anger, Visitations of Love, Visitations of Mercy, Visitations of Revenge, Visitations of Humbling, Visitations of Exalting* : His Visits of Humbling, Anger and Revenge lay grievous upon

us by the Scourge of *Rebellion*; a Road grown on our own Soil. This seems a time of a Visitation of his Love, Mercy, and Exaltation upon us. But *Humiliamini*; *Humiliamini*, Be ye humbled. We may humble our selves, and we may be humbled by another; to be humbled by another, is commonly a *Chastisement*, to humble our selves, is now and then a satisfaction, in order to *Rebellion* it is a Prevention; so that our humbling our selves, is at once a satisfaction, for *Rebellion* that's pass'd, and prevention of *Rebellion* that might come; and behold, the desir'd Execution done by *Obedience* upon *Rebellion*; greater revenge cannot be taken. Satisfaction destroys it, and puts it, as I may say to Death, Prevention hinders it from reviving, so that *Humiliation* Tryumphs in the utter ruine of *Rebellion*.

And had I not Reason in the beginning of my Discourse to term it *England's* standing *Peace*, more glorious than any victory in *War*? So it is. If *Obedience* stands, *Rebellion* must fall. And by this *Humiliation Day*, our *Obedience* being perpetuated, *Rebellion* must down for ever, *Be ye then humbled under the Powerful hand of God*. The *Powerful hand of God*, I interpret to be *Kings*, in their *Scepter* they sway *Gods Power*,

(9)
Power, in their Sword his Justice ; and so by Obedience to our Prince, we are *Humbled under the Powerful hand of God*, to the total extirpation of *Rebellion*. The best of satisfactions we can give to the Royal Father, is to annihilate *Rebellion* by a true Allegiance to his great Son ; *Fasting*'s good, *Prayer* yet more excellent, by them the *Rebellion* of the flesh is tam'd the *Rebellion* of the Spirit by sole *Obedience*.

The ever hard neck'd Children of *Israel*. They Fasted, *Isaiah 58. v. 3.* Wherefore have we Fasted, and thou seest not ? wherefore have we afflicted our Soul, and thou takest not knowledge ? *Rebellion* can Fast, and none invoke the Lord with longer breath than *Rebels* : But their Fast and Prayers are not acceptable to the most High, They'r Disobedient, their *Humiliation* is Hypocrify, it enters not the heart ; Hear what the Lord Answers to the complaint of those pretenders to *Prayers* and *Fasts*, *Behold in the day of your Fasting your own Will is found*. A Rebel will ever have his own will, and refusing to submit his Will to God, gives out Gods Will to be his ; and so makes God as it were a Subject, and himself a God. From Obedience then our *Humiliation* is to derive its whole Worth and

Valour, and that it may be eternal, to the eternal destruction of Rebellion, O that *Eng-*
land would learn to know the voice of the *Ser-*
pent ! Would learn no more to be deluded by those canting Charms of *Liberty*, *Property*, and *Religion*. Remember that even *Satan* the Prince of Darkness, 2 Cor. c. 11. v. 14. read the place, it is much to our purpose, transfigures himself into an *Angel of Light*. And so doth his first Child *Rebellion*. No pretence whatsoever can Justify *Rebellion*. You have a Prince, whose Wisdom and Experience makes him know your true Good and Happiness, I may confidently say, better than you know it your selves. Trust him, who God has Intrusted with you. With the free use of your *Religion*, your Bodies and Minds he has both eas'd: He has vindicated your *Properties* Invaded by false *Zealots*, but real Persecution. His indefatigable Concern, for the publick Honour and Welfare of his *Kingdom*, you cannot but own; but you must inviolably own your Duty to him. *Rebellion*'s to be kept down by his Wisdom, Courage, and Power; but by a generous and ready compliance in you. No *Army* ever gain'd *Victory* without *Obedience*; and no *Kingdom* without *Obedience* shall ever reap *Glory*. *Humiliamini*, &c.

Be

Be ye then humbled, to be exalted. *Vir Obediens loquetur Victoriam*, Prov. 21. v. 28. *The Obedient Man shall speak Victory.* We are to be Men, Stout Rational, but *Obedient*, to be *Victorius* both of our Earthly and Spiritual Foes. Let *Jealousies* be laid aside, and you'll improve your *Sovereign's Love*: *Appease Animosities*, Chase away Fears, and you'll produce, and nourish a mutual Confidence in each other; to your own *Quiet* and *Comfort*, to the Terror of your Enemies, and to your *King* and *Gountreyes Renown*. Thus in Spight of *Rebellion*, by *Obedience* to the Son, you'll compleat the Wishes of his Dying Father: You'll make an Atonement for that *Sacrilegious Murder*. *Obedient England* will be more *Glorious*, than ever she was *Disgrac'd* in the *Ignominy* put upon her, by a few *Unnatural Rebels*; and so enjoying the Fruits of a *Peaceable Conscience*, the Sweets of a settled *Tranquility* in this Life, she'll be dispos'd to be Crown'd with *Eternal Reward* in the next: Which God of his Infinite *Goodness* grant us all. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen*.